

promise ever made by an armada of any nation.

On Ship and Ashore.

These were the thoughts of the people on shore and those who were steaming now into the waters of home. Sixteen thousand officers and bluejackets lined the decks of the wanderers, drinking in the glory of the welcome ashore. The fetes and entertainment of foreign climes were forgot; no other flag was there to remind of the existence of a country other than the one to which they were returning; there was naught to restrain the thrill that leaps from head to foot of every prodigal as he realizes:

"This is my own; my native land."

There could be no disappointment because of the welcome. The waiting ones were legion. Wives, sweethearts, mothers, friends, strangers, but Americans all, who had longed for fourteen months for this day were there. From the lights of Cape Henry, where the monster fleet and its third squadron escort first came into view, stretched along each shore to Old Point Comfort, and the exposition grounds, between which points the fleet anchored, surging thousands gazed over the rather troubled water, applauding though it could not be heard across the bay, every returning war dog, every jutting break that poked its nose into the sea, every clubhouse, every cottage offered its quota to one of the most fashionable and distinguished throngs that ever welcomed home a returning expedition.

Streets Thronged.

The largest exposition crowd did not exceed that which thronged into Old Point and Norfolk yesterday and today. Nearly an hundred tugs and yachts of every description, all loaded to their utmost capacity, blocked the side lines of Hampton Roads, the revenue cutters, led by the Dixie, having their hands full in maintaining line formations and preventing collisions.

Slept in Cots.

Hundreds of visitors slept on cots in hotel halls last night. The town was blocked with pushing humanity at 7 o'clock. So far, no serious accident on water land has been reported, which is considered remarkable in consequence of the congested conditions.

Reports of a railroad wreck at Delmar, Del., caused excitement early in the morning, and the telegraphic companies were flooded with messages of inquiry. The anxious crowd was reassured by the arrival of visitors who were aboard the wrecked train.

A Congressional party of 30, including families of Representatives and Congressmen, watched the review from a Norfolk and Washington steamer.

SAVE BATTLESHIPS FROM DRAB PAINT

Glossy Finish Will Save Fleet From Dull Color of "Morning After."

The sixteen battleships, which have just completed their world-cruise, have been saved from a dull, drab color by an amendment of orders just made at the Navy Department. Upon the completion of their cruise, these vessels were slated for a good painting with the dull, slate-gray color, which, while intensely practical, would have made them look like the "morning after."

Instruction have been issued that the glossy instead of a dull finish be applied to the battleship fleet. The ships, which have already been painted, will receive a new coat.

The paint was not changed because of sentimental reasons, but the gloss makes the paint more durable. When paint, mixed with oil, becomes wet, however, it loses its shiny effect and the result, from an artistic standpoint, is just the same as a dull finish.

CHURCH NOT TRYING TO SECURE PASTOR

No Steps Will Be Taken Until Dr. Bruner's Resignation Is Accepted.

Until the resignation of Dr. Weston Bruner, pastor of the Fifth Baptist Church is formally accepted, it was said today, nothing will be done in the way of the selection of his successor.

The board of deacons will recommend at a meeting of the church Thursday night that Dr. Bruner be permitted to accept the call to the First Baptist Church at San Antonio, Tex. Dr. Bruner has assured the board that his mind is made up in this respect and that he will not reconsider his determination to leave Washington.

Dr. Bruner will preach his last sermon as pastor of the Fifth Baptist Church, Sunday, March 1.

GOES AFTER MAN; FINDS HIM DEAD

When a policeman went to the beach room formerly conducted by Jack Ware, a negro, at Twenty-first and N streets northwest, to serve a juvenile court attachment for non-support, he found the place closed and a negro hanging on the door. Ware died last night.

PLEADED NOT GUILTY.

William J. Rodgers in Police Court this morning pleaded not guilty to the charge of embezzling \$2 from the Board of Children's Guardians. He was held in \$500 bond to await the action of the grand jury.

What Congress Did

IN THE SENATE.

Senator McLaurin of Mississippi read Washington's Farewell Address. The agricultural bill was reported, and after the reading of Washington's Farewell Address, was called up by Senator Warren.

The Judiciary Committee deferred action on the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company case until a special meeting Wednesday.

IN THE HOUSE.

On motion of Mr. Hull of Iowa, the House disagreed to all of the Senate amendments to the army appropriation bill, and it was sent to conference.

The House also disagreed to the Senate amendment to the Indian appropriation bill, and it was sent to conference.

The Farwell Address of George Washington was read to the House by Mr.

BIG GUNS ROAR OUT AS FLEET GETS HOME

Returning Wanderers, Convoyed by Rear Admiral Arnold's Ships, Steam in Review Past President on the Mayflower.

NORFOLK, Va., Feb. 22.—The patriotic enthusiasm of the day reached its height when over the waters of Hampton Roads thundered the sound of the first gun of the salute, begun by the Connecticut as she swung by the Mayflower's quarter. From Theodore Roosevelt, Commander-in-Chief, who had seen the ships steam out of the same historic waters for "a fight or a frolic" fourteen months before, to the expectant maiden who had come to welcome some "boy in blue," the moment was filled with a meaning for all.

Scarcely had the Connecticut boomed the national salute of twenty-one guns half through when the Kansas, next in line, picked up the noisy tribute to the nation's head. The Minnesota's guns belched next, then the Vermont's, then those of the Georgia, the first ship of the second division to steam slowly by; then on down the line until every vessel, large or small, by thundering cannon or whistle blast, was paying homage to the flag, to the fleet, to home, and to the unbounded Americanism of it all.

Over Fifteen Homes.

Since the fleet left home the echo of its guns has sounded over fifteen foreign shores; their deep tones of friendship or defiance, for it meant both, had been heard by many a ruler and dignitary of other lands; the officers, the men, had been feted and made welcome; yet, there was not a man aboard the returning wanderers who would have exchanged it all for the one assurance that now had come home.

Scarcely had the panoramic view of armament; gray steel sides, pleasure craft, resplendent naval dress, the solid lines of blue and white every deck; stood President Roosevelt, aboard the Mayflower. His had been the daring and his the reason for commanding the unprecedented cruise that ended so auspiciously and happily today. They were back, these bulwarks of the deep that had told their story of prowess to a world. The navy critic was forgotten; the jingo, if he were present, was lost in the thousands that lined every point of vantage and who had come to honor and not to deride; the conservative who had doubted the wisdom of it a year ago, gave way to exuberance at it all and turned his eyes happily toward those of the Chief Executive, who stood a picture of unrestrained appreciation of the magnificent spectacle spread before the eyes of himself and the greatest throng which ever assembled to honor a military expedition.

President Alert.

The President and Secretary Newberry were the first to sight and welcome this morning. Before 10 o'clock from the Mayflower's deck could be seen an advancing column of smoke rising over Cape Charles. It was from the Connecticut, wedding her triumphant way. All was excitement on water and on shore. From the decks of the President's yacht and from those of the smallest hired launch were uplifted thousands of loud glasses. On shore, from Cape Henry to far below Old Point Comfort, were countless others, unable to obtain places upon a water craft, but determined to get their shares toward the welcome. Mothers, wives, sweethearts, fathers, and sons were there—every eye turned toward the capes, where, swinging majestically into view, the fleet which had accomplished the most remarkable journey in the history of all navies.

There came the boom of cannon at Fort Monroe; the screech of whistles in every port along Chesapeake bay; the cheer, the yell, the shout, the conversation grew in volume the moment to which America had looked forward for more than a year had arrived.

Joy of Occasion.

Even the Presidential party, accustomed more to the joy of the nation's display, was in the way of the occasion. All knew what the moment meant to Theodore Roosevelt, who was rounding out his Administration by realizing the accomplishment of one of the greatest feats ever attempted by any Commander-in-Chief of any army or navy.

The ships had been approaching under slow speed in order not to anticipate the hour of their arrival. At last the Connecticut, leading, arrived off the tail of the Horseshoe, where the President's yacht had been anchored since early in the morning. Within a quarter of an hour the fleet, her deck lined with hundreds of homesick bluejackets, her officers in uniform, the excitement of these orders—the last of this memorable voyage—was off the port beam of the Mayflower at a distance of 200 yards. Then began the official salute of twenty-one guns, which soon had grown into a sounding single gun of welcome extending to every neck of the bay.

Behind the Connecticut, the yards apart, steamed the second division of the first division, the Kansas, and behind her, all in single formation, came the Minnesota, followed by the Vermont, completing the first division. The vessels of the second division came about 300 yards behind the first. The fleet steamed in at about ten knots speed, and following the same column formation in which they steamed through the waters of three oceans.

The Third Squadron.

Following the sixteen battleships came Rear Admiral Arnold's third squadron, ordered out to meet the fleet in mid-sea. The Maine, Arnold's flagship, steamed about four hundred yards behind the Kentucky, the last of the battleship fleet to pass the President. Then came the Idaho, Mississippi, Montana, New Hampshire and North Carolina, Birmingham, Chester and Salem.

By 1:30 o'clock the fleet was at rest, the anchors had been cast in its own waters and the record-breaking tour had become a part of history. It only remained now for the officers to report to the Commander-in-Chief that the cruise of his creation had been a successful one and had marked an epoch in the navigation of the seas of this and other lands. With this object in view, Rear Admiral Sperry assembled about him the commanding officers and, going aboard the Mayflower, which had lifted anchor and followed slowly and taken its place among the anchored ships, formally made his report. Rear Admiral Arnold, accompanied by the three other rear admirals and the captains, had come aboard in launches.

Visits Flagships.

Following his sincere felicitations, the President went aboard the flagships of each division, where in a short speech upon each occasion he congratulated officers and men. He then returned to the yacht and began preparation for his return to Washington.

There was a sigh of relief when the formalities were over. Every body was hungry for the sight of loved ones and eager to touch once more the shores of their native land. The third official functions had long since passed. In the meantime the ships must be cooled and put in shape for harbor duty. This means much work, impatient work when one has not touched foot to American soil for many a day.

During the fleet there is to be a round of festivities for the reunited officers and their families. The city is in gala attire, although the vessels must be cooled and put in shape for harbor duty. This means much work, impatient work when one has not touched foot to American soil for many a day.

It was an ideal fleet as it left Hampton Roads on December 16, 1907. It was an ideal fleet that returned today after its ideal had been washed by waves of more than 40,000 miles of the deep. Rear Admiral Sperry, when he left Gibraltar and 40,000 miles behind him, said that the vessel could go half that distance again, intact, without having to go to dock. This, indeed, is a remarkable record, and never has a fleet of any nation sailed so many miles without having to go to dock. It ever been received in a more triumphant manner. That the voyage has had a good effect generally is accepted as a fact.

The voyage was one of comparatively few casualties, despite the fact that in several places the vessels were found that were conducive to sickness. At Rio de Janeiro and Callao the fleet and on shore. From the decks of the President's yacht and from those of the smallest hired launch were uplifted thousands of loud glasses. On shore, from Cape Henry to far below Old Point Comfort, were countless others, unable to obtain places upon a water craft, but determined to get their shares toward the welcome. Mothers, wives, sweethearts, fathers, and sons were there—every eye turned toward the capes, where, swinging majestically into view, the fleet which had accomplished the most remarkable journey in the history of all navies.

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Hosts of grays, greens, blues in hundreds of new color tones are in our early assembly of spring fabrics. It is an education to select the best dress for the spring.

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FIRST TO GREET FLEET



REAR ADMIRAL ARNOLD, Commanding the Atlantic Squadron.

JACK'S SWEETHEARTS HELD BACK BY DUTY

Officers and Men of Fleet Must End Official Program Before Being Allowed Shore Leave to Meet Loved Ones.

NORFOLK, Va., Feb. 22.—There was much to do for the ships must be overhauled, the decks made clean, a new supply of coal laid in, and the thousand and one articles necessary to a world-wide cruise, but not essential to harbor duty put away.

When these duties are finished the men will be allowed to come ashore, just a few at a time, to see somebody who's waited and written and hoped for fourteen long months. Perhaps it's an aged mother, for there was many a letter from home that said "write soon," or a sister, perhaps a sweetheart, for the girls' form has been in evidence too.

The Waiting Ones.

It has been somewhat pathetic during the past two days to see them while the time away. Anything, anybody, to take attention and cheer the dreary hours has been a boon. Frantic and in most instances futile efforts to send messages has not added to the enjoyment of the wait. The telegraph companies could hardly have handled the messages, even had the weather conditions been favorable. It was not a question of cost; it was only a question of letting "him" know that somebody was waiting.

The army officers from Fort Monroe, resident in their uniforms, have furnished such amusement as they may. There have been a few dances and singings. When there was nothing else to divert it, waiting femininity would pass feverishly back and forth in the drawing rooms of the hotels. Today, however, the army officers are but as a background to the picture. The fleet is back; the navy has come into its own.

Some Disappointed.

These will be the fortunate ones. There will be others whose welcome must be still further delayed, for Uncle Sam's men cannot come and go as love would dictate. This is especially true of those who have come to welcome

the bluejackets. For the latter there is much work to do; the ships must be overhauled, the decks made clean, a new supply of coal laid in, and the thousand and one articles necessary to a world-wide cruise, but not essential to harbor duty put away.

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WASHINGTON'S QUOTA ESTIMATED AT 10,000

Boats and Trains Are Filled With Enthusiastic Crowds.

Washington contributed fully 10,000 persons to the crowd that welcomed the battleships this morning. The last train leaving Washington for Norfolk in time to permit its passengers to witness the review pulled out of the Union Station this morning at 4:20, and carried fully 500 people, in addition to the private car Dumas, on which a large Congressional party found accommodation.

This train had the largest crowd of any single train that has gone from the city, and people were standing in the aisles, hanging on the platforms, and standing in the baggage cars. While all of the equipment was packed to its capacity, all of the people who wanted to make the trip were accommodated.

Extra Service.

It is estimated that twenty-three regular cars and eight steamboats were used to carry the people who left Washington to welcome the fleet. The steamers leaving for Norfolk last night were filled to their capacity. A number of people who bought tickets could not obtain stateroom accommodation and at least twenty-five passengers, who were carried out of Washington on the Washington, were left at Alexandria because they could not be accommodated in any way on the ship.

The Newport News carried 400 passengers. For three days the Norfolk and Washington Steamboat Company sent two steamers a day out of the city.

The officials of this company estimate that they have carried 4,500 people for the review. At least 500 more were carried on steamers that left the city on the way up the river tonight. The Washington Terminal officials report that the crowd yesterday and last night at the Union Station was the largest that has ever been in that building, and that there were more calls made on the officials of the terminal than in customary even at inaugurations when the congestion reaches its highest point. This was largely caused by the fact that numbers of people who had intended to make the trip from Baltimore or New York by water were unable to obtain accommodation on the boats from those cities and came here to take the train.

The railroad officials were unprepared for the crowd, and facilities at the station were therefore taxed to the utmost. The crowd was handled without difficulty, however. It is estimated by the railroad officials that fully 10,000 people came to Washington to go to the review and changed their minds after their arrival, because of the immense crowds. Some of these people remained in the city and others returned to their homes.

O'DEA FUNERAL HELD TOMORROW

The funeral of Michael O'Dea will be held tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock from St. Dominic's Church, Sixth and E streets southwest, to Mt. Olivet Cemetery, where the body will be entombed until arrangements for burial can be completed.

Mr. O'Dea died last night, after a long illness from a complication of diseases. He was forty-eight years of age, and a native of the District. With his sister, Miss Ann O'Dea, who survives him, he lived at 329 1/2 D street southwest.

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